



Dorothy F. Crockett 1924

The Medicine Bundle

By Ruby Holmes Martyn

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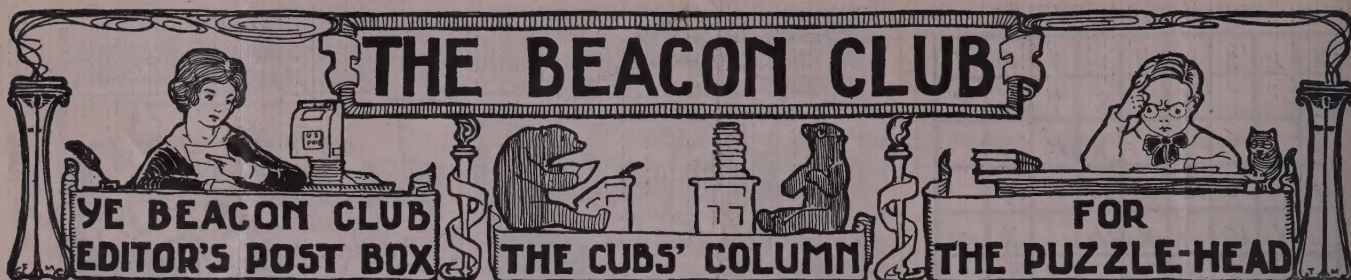
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Dear Beacon Club Members:—A Happy New Year to you all! Catch the Young Fellow while he is young, is my advice, and don't wait till he dies next year—to do for him all the many things you plan!

YE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

225 M ST.,
COLLEGE VIEW, NEB.

Dear Miss Buck:—I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School at Lincoln. My teacher's name is Mrs. MacDonald. We have eight children in our class. My sister's name is Ellen. She is ten years old. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. My sister has written to *The Beacon* Club to get a pin. I too would enjoy a pin. My little sister's name is Alice. She is seven years old and in the second grade. Do you think that she is too small to get a pin? I know she would enjoy a pin as much as I do. Please tell me if she is too small. I am glad to join *The Beacon* Club. I hope some one will write to me soon.

Yours truly,
LOUISE WILSON.

215 W. 4TH ST.,
TOPEKA, KAN.

Dear Miss Buck:—May I join *The Beacon* Club by writing this letter? I am ten years old and a Cub Scout. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School at Topeka. My teacher's name is Mrs. William J. Burns, the superintendent. I am in the fifth grade of the Harrison School. I would like to have a Cub Scout correspond with me. We had a Halloween party.

Yours truly,
BILLY BUSH.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to join *The Beacon* Club. I go to the Unitarian church every Sunday. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade in school. My cousin is writing a letter too. We are each sending a story.

Yours truly,
BELLE MILLER.

7 ELLSWORTH ST.,
BRAINTREE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of *The Beacon* Club. I am eleven years old and I am in the sixth grade of the Hollis School. My minister's name is Mr. Wilson. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Ellsworth. I have earned four pins and would like to earn my gold one and wear *The Beacon* button too. I like *The Beacon* very much and read it every Sunday.

Yours truly,
OLIVE DREW DUNHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I live in East Boston and I go to Sunday school every Sunday. My grandmother went to the same church that my aunt and uncle and mother go to. So you see I am a truly Unitarian boy. I would like to have a *Beacon* button.

Yours truly,
RICHARD SCHUTES.

Beatley Memorial Scholarship

FROM BEACON CONTRIBUTORS

Balance, as reported	\$77.10
Junior Alliance, Jamaica Plain, Mass.	3.00
	<hr/>
	\$80.10

Dear Cubs:—Louise W. Keith has started the new Year right by winning *The Beacon* Club Award for this week.

THEIR DESTINATION

BY LOUISE W. KEITH
(Age 12)

There was once a little boy and a little girl who lived in New Hampshire. They both had great imaginations. Their names were Paul and Marie. Marie was a little tot about two years old and Paul was four years old. One day they thought they would run away to Portland, Maine, by boat. This was going to be great fun, they thought.

Marie put on her best white dress, her white socks and black shoes, and her sunbonnet with red dots. Of course she carried her dolly. Paul put on his big yellow straw hat, his white blouse and blue overalls. He carried an umbrella and a large travelling bag.

They went down to the dock. When they got there, they were very much agitated because instead of saying "To Portland, Maine," the sign said, "To Boston, Massachusetts." The boat was coming in, so consequently they had to take it. The porter asked them for some money and they handed him some pieces of paper that they had been playing "store" with. The porter began to laugh and said, "I guess you can pass on that." The children reached Boston and when they got off the boat they wandered around everywhere. They happened to wander to the Boston Common where they saw the tame squirrels and pigeons. They thought them very nice. Dusk soon came and the children laid down on one of the benches and went to sleep. In the morning a policeman was walking through the park and found them. He took them to the Children's Home and from there they were taken home. Thus ended their destination.



The Owl with a Collar

BY H. H. BOLL

This beautiful bird was among a collection of "African" birds and is called "An American Owl," although it never has been found among collections of American owls.

It has very broad white eye-brows which encircle the eye and are lost in the light

chocolate color feathers of the bird's fundamental color, for it has the same brown at the back of the neck, the cloak, and under the tail. The wings end in a border of brilliant white feathers.

The chest is creamy white. The tail underneath is striped with chocolate brown and grayish white, whereas the top of the tail is of the same brown color as the wings.

Two Sticklers for You!

I d a r e d o a l l t h a t d o t h
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
b e c o m e a m a n .
19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28.
W h o d a r e s d o m o r e
29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42
i s n o n e .
43 44 45 46 47 48.

Name of a U. S. dirigible.
Instrument recording temperature.
It swallowed Jonah.
Incorporated, or included
As per bill of fare.
Queen of Carthage enamored of Aeneas.
A trade-wind.

DENTON BLOOMER.

THE WHEEL PUZZLE

Arrange the 9 digits on the end of each spoke of the wheel and one in the hub. The sum of the figures at the ends of the spokes will be 40. The sum of the two spokes marked A plus the number in the hub will be 15. The same with B, C, and D. Each spoke plus the hub figure will add 15; i.e., A + A + Hub = 15. B + B + Hub = 15, etc.

E. A. CALL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 12

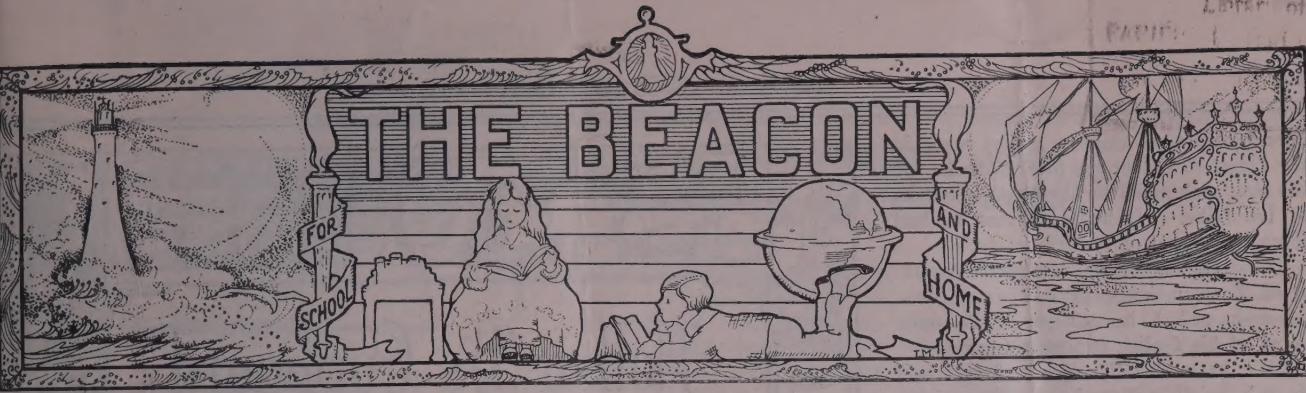
TWISTED MOUNTAINS—1. Vosges. 2. Balkan. 3. Cascade. 4. Himalaya. 5. Andes. 6. Ural. 7. Atlas. 8. Apennines.
ENIGMA—Mary Pickford.
DOUBLE BEHEADINGS—Small, mall, all.

Did You Know That—

The beak is bluish at the base and ends at the point in yellow. The claws are white. Its eyes are large and dark and the feathers of the collar very white and glossy.

The American Battle Monuments Commission, headed by General Pershing, is undertaking to determine the battle lines of all American units during their service at the front in France, with a view to marking the lines accurately with monuments.
The Boston Transcript.

The son of the German Crown Prince has decided to enter the University of Tübingen instead of going to the alma mater of his grandfather, the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, at Bonn, which is at present in the occupied area. It had been reported that the young lad would enter a Hamburg business house, but "Wilhelm" in the midst of the usual problem of "where to go to school" has elected Tübingen.



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deed been brave while he stayed alone in the forest to gather his first medicine for the skin sack given to him by the Sachem of the tribe. "It bodes ill that he had flung this signal of hostility at us."

"'Twas flung at the braggart Miles!" cried Truman hotly as he joined them. "Joseph and I have never made open sport of his foolish superstition."

"We have thought sport of it," said Joseph, quietly ashamed and rather frightened.

"Truman is right. 'Twas flung at me but a moment since, with the taunt that I thieved in most cowardly fashion, and Squanto would not stay to hear my denial. Mayhap he felt my denial worse than useless," concluded Miles bitterly. Several weeks ago the Indian boys had caught him in such a lie that they would have good reason to doubt any word he might speak now.

Joseph was thinking hard. So Squanto blamed Miles for the loss of his medicine bundle. And had taken violent offense at the supposed theft. The Indians believed that it was sacrilege to touch another's medicine sack, and Squanto evidently shared that superstition. It must be returned before the brewing trouble broke into storm that would perhaps injure Miles and jeopardize the peace of the settlements. Joseph was pretty thoroughly scared when he thought seriously what might come from his meddlesome levity.

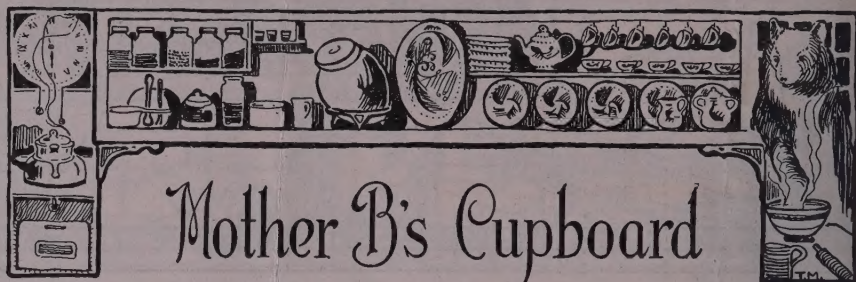
"Lay the snake skin in the hut, and act boldly, Miles!" he said. "Truly thou didst not touch the medicine bundle, and thou canst well be brave in the light of innocence."

Truman took the dry snake skin with its arrow from Miles' shaking hand, and carried it into the brush hut. Joseph hurriedly disappeared behind the screen of sumac bushes that last night's frost had colored a bloody red.

Joseph passed his mother's big basket where he had left it among the bayberry bushes before this untoward happening. He would have time to pick the berries after he had returned the medicine bundle which he had yesterday concealed in the hollow of an oak tree known only to himself. He ran along the well-worn path toward the Kingstown settlement at the curve of the Bay, until he turned off obliquely to climb the rise of ground on which the hollow oak stood. The bundle was just as he had left it there the day before, and having secured it in a pocket from which he had removed the remains of his frugal lunch, Joseph made his way rapidly through the big woods toward the Indian encampment.

He hoped he could replace the bundle shrewdly enough without his part in its disappearance being discovered, and slipped from the shelter of one tree trunk to that of another when he came in sight

(Continued on page 84)



The Sunday-Night Refrigerator Supper

It generally takes the form of an almost straight "hand-out" from the refrigerator itself, but if Mother or even Father desires to take the helm, he will find that a hasty meal can be supplied from the usual Sunday noon left-overs.

Fried Egg Sandwiches

Four hard-boiled eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls cream, 2 tablespoonfuls butter; salt, red pepper, pepper and bread. Cut the hard-boiled eggs from the shells and into slices, and pound with the cream and butter into a smooth paste. Season with salt, pepper, and red pepper. Cut the bread into thin slices, butter, and spread the mixture between.

Apple, Celery and Nut Salad

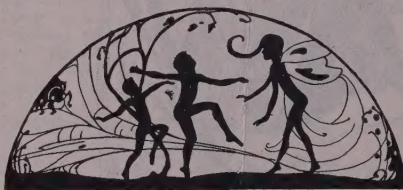
Two cups diced celery, 4 cups chopped apples, 1½ cupfuls blanched and chopped almonds, ½ cupful pecan nut meats. Mix the apples, celery, and nut meats, place in a salad bowl lined with lettuce, and pour desired dressing over.

Craigie Toast

Four tomatoes, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, ½ cupful milk, toast, 1 teaspoonful chopped gherkins, salt and pepper to taste. Skin, seed and chop the tomatoes, add the eggs well beaten, milk, gherkins, and the salt and pepper. Melt the butter, add the other materials, and stir over the fire till thoroughly hot. Serve on toast.

THE COTTON FAIRY

A Negro Folk Tale
Retold by H.G. Duryee



A LONG time ago there lived on the edge of a swamp a young fairy. She was happy because she was always busy doing the kind of work she liked. She specially liked to spin, and all day long she was at it. Round and round and round she whirled her wheel, hardly ever stopping even for something to eat. And her spinning was so fine that you almost had to look twice to see it.

The webs were very beautiful too, partly because she meant each one to be prettier than the last, and partly because she had a wonderful spindle. There never was another spindle quite like it. It was the sting of a grouchy old bumblebee who was the fairy's uncle. He had been so cross and disagreeable in his life that when he came to die he wanted to do something to make people think more kindly of him. So he called the fairy to him and gave her his sting, asking her to use it in doing something useful and pleasant.

Of course everybody in the swamp was proud of the beautiful spinning, and took credit to themselves for living in such an

agreeable place. So everything went happily until one day a big, yellow spider, prowling round, came upon the swamp and decided to build himself a home on one of the rushes. Then the trouble began, for the spider was a spinner himself and quite puffed up with a sense of his own skill. And as soon as he caught sight of the fairy's spinning he knew that here was some one who could do better work than he could. That made him fly into a rage at once. Nobody should live near him who was a better spinner than himself!

"I'll fix her!" he hissed, ramping round; "I'll fix her."

Then he began to plot how he could put an end to his rival.

But because the fairy had been modest and sweet-tempered, and always ready to help others, she had many friends in the swamp, and when they heard the spider's angry words they hurried to the fairy and warned her.

"You mustn't stay here," they said sadly, "or the spider will get you."

The fairy didn't want to leave the swamp but she knew she had to, so she grabbed up her wheel and the grouchy uncle's spindle, and ran as fast as she could go. She didn't know where she was going, but she ran and ran and ran, hoping that someone would give her shelter and save her from the spider.



Vanishing Vivian

By Grace Downey Tinkham

As she fled she called out to a mouse, but the mouse was timid and shut his door in her face. Then she begged a toad to help her but the toad only ran out his tongue at her. He wasn't afraid of spiders, so he didn't see why anybody else should be.

But finally, when the fairy was growing very tired and the sun had gone down behind the trees leaving the world in darkness, a firefly came dancing along with his lantern lit for the evening.

Now a firefly and a fairy are very much alike. You can hardly tell them apart, and they are very friendly. So when this firefly saw the fairy running so hard and calling out for help, he hurried up to her, and asked her what was the matter.

"A spider," panted the fairy; "I'm running away from a spider!"

That was enough for the firefly.

"You follow me, Fairy," he said promptly. "And keep your eye on my lantern!"

The fairy had thought a minute before she couldn't go another step, but the friendly words so heartened her that, clutching her spindle and wheel closer to her side, away she sped after the bobbing light of the firefly's lantern. And presently they stopped beside a bush that bore on it a pink blossom.

"Jump into the flower, quick!" commanded the firefly, and flashed his lantern so that she could see the better.

The fairy was terribly tired but she gave one last spring and landed in the heart of the pink flower. When she was safely inside the firefly called out "Good-bye," and vanished.

So close behind them was the spider that in a minute more he was on the bush. But, as he put his horny claw on the flower to draw himself up, the fairy raised her uncle's sting and jabbed it into his leg so that he cried "Ouch!" and fell to the ground. And the flower, because it was a flower that liked fairies and didn't like spiders, closed her petals up so tight that the spider couldn't get in at all.

Of course the spider was in more of a rage than ever and stormed away to himself. "I'll fix her yet. I'll fix her yet!"

Then he set to work and wove the stoutest kind of a web round and round the blossom.

"Wait till she tries to come out," he chuckled; "I'll catch her then!"

He grew pleased with himself again and sat down to wait. But the hours went by and the days passed and no fairy ap-

"THERE she goes!" observed Jimmy to Ned and Trix, seated on the front steps of Colonel Pepperpod's home, when a girl darted from the house opposite and sped down the street. "Headed for a friend's—vanishing from work!"

"I should think her conscience would give her a dig once in a while," said Trix. "She lets her sister Ella do everything."

"Conscience!" sniffed Jimmy. "Why that young lady locks her conscience up in the closet and throws away the key, when there's any chance of its bothering her."

"She doesn't like to sew, she doesn't like to mend, she doesn't like to bake," came musingly from Ned. "Wonder what she does like to do?"

"Vanish!" promptly stated Jimmy.

"Vanishing Vivian," Ned coined the name with a laugh. "Well, that about suits her, I guess."

Aunt Plumey, Colonel Pepperpod's large, kindly sister, planned a contest—a baking, mending, and sewing contest. Each contestant was to submit a three-layer iced cake, a pair of mended hose, and a dress which she herself had made unaided. Each sample was to be absolutely the contestant's own work. And the prize was a visit of two weeks to the city with Aunt Plumey herself.

Great excitement was created by the announcement of the contest and its reward to the winner; from everywhere in town girls were eager to enter. Vivian ran across to Aunt Plumey to inquire more deeply into it.

"Oh, a visit to the city!" Jimmy overheard her enthuse, "I'd love that! I've always been wild to see the beautiful big stores and the lovely things in them."

"Then brush up on your cooking, Vivian," encouraged Aunt Plumey. "And see that your mending is of the neatest, and your dressmaking of the most practical and attractive."

"I'll try," promised Vivian. To herself on the way home she said: "A visit to the city for two whole weeks! Oh, I want to win! I just must!"

But the days went by, and Vivian continued to vanish, Jimmy noted. She was always with friends, having a gay time. Never home; almost never.

Then the day of the contest came. In the huge attic room Aunt Plumey set aside for such affairs, more than thirty girls gathered, each with three samples of her work.

Vivian arrived late and placed her entries upon the proper table. Then she floated about in the chatting, laughing crowd, and proceeded to enjoy herself. Ella stood apart; few paid attention to her. She was small and plain and drab-looking. Her narrow shoulders were

badly stooped, and her hands showed rough and red from much toil. She never had found time away from the numerous household duties to make friends or seek pleasures.

Aunt Plumey and the judges passed along the tables, carefully examining the display. After making the rounds, they returned to Vivian's. Ella's homely little face had paled when Vivian entered, now it went whiter than ever. Her eyes widened and stared hard at Vivian's cake, the mended hose, and the dress. Why that cake she herself had baked that morning before sunrise with the one she had brought to enter; the hose were the pair she had mended for Vivian yesterday; the dress, a beautiful voile, she had slaved—oh, hadn't she slaved over that dress last summer. And now—now—she had never dreamed that Vivian would—could—but it was true! There they were—the cake, the hose, the dress—all the product of her own hands!

The judges were moving away, and approaching the table where her samples were placed. Ella's heart stood still. Daintily they tasted the cake for the second time, and once more examined the hose and dress. Then—then—they went back to Vivian's. She saw Aunt Plumey and the others nod as if arriving at a decision, then she saw tiny blue tags being affixed to Vivian's entries. Her head whirled and her heart pounded.

Everyone crowded about Vivian, congratulating her. How splendid that she'd have the visit to the city! What a wonderful trip it would be for her!

Ella stole away; no one saw her go—except Jimmy who happened to be on the stairs. She shot him one glance and slipped by. But Jimmy's blue eyes were intent upon her distraught little face, and his lips were set in a stern, hard line. Jimmy loitered in front of Vivian's house and waited for Vivian. As she came up, he asked pointedly:

"Was it fair—this contest?"

"Fair!" Vivian flushed slightly. "I don't believe I understand you, Jimmy. You're not very clear."

"All right," said Jimmy. "Here goes. I asked you if you thought this contest was fair—because, I don't myself!"

"What difference does it make?" Vivian demanded. "Ella wasn't keen about that trip to the city."

"Did you ever ask her?"

"N—no, but she isn't that kind. She doesn't mind staying home and working—she's always done it."

Jimmy looked straight at her and nodded sagely. "In the first place, Ella was exactly as wild about winning this contest as you were," said he. "And in the second

(Continued on page 86)

(Continued on page 84)

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Names of the Months

BY THE EDITOR

WE do not give the months the names we know them by. Instead we learn what people have called them for many years. Sometimes I wish the wise folk who named them had called in the children to help them, for then we might have had real lovely names, that tell us what they are.

The names we call them by mean something as it is. January comes from a word meaning a door. February, once the last month in the year, was a month for trying to atone for wrong done. March was named for Mars, once called the god of war, because then the elements battle together—and life and warmth and spring win in the contest. April came from aperio, meaning the opening; and some people would like to see that month the one to open the new year. May was named for the goddess Maia, and June probably for Juno, wife of Jove.

The next two months were named for Cæsars—July for Julius Cæsar because he was born in that month, and August for the more illustrious Augustus Cæsar. Per-

haps the wise heads ran out of names then. At any rate they began to number then, and the last four months are named for number words, from seven to ten. But December is not the tenth month in our calendar as any one knows. It was the tenth when it was named, for once March was the first month in the year.

Thus the months tell us by their names something of what people once loved, admired and worshipped. We may give them new names if we will, just to call them by in our hearts—the snow month, the flower month, the president month, the Christmas month. Can you find your own names for the rest? You will be sure to wish for this month of January and for this whole year, that it may be filled for you with the knowledge of God's ways in the world and his lovingkindness toward all the children of men.

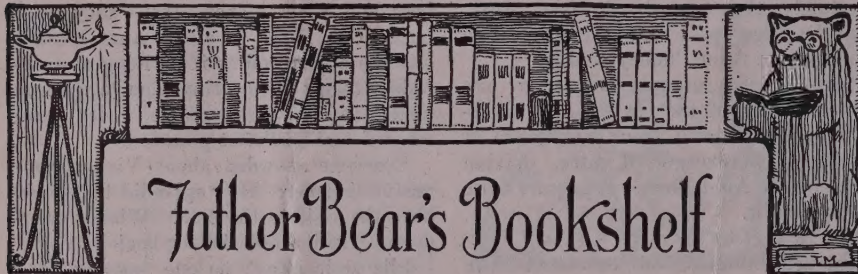
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Printed in U. S. A.



Readers, wha hae read DAVID BALFOUR before, tae a wee peep at this bonny book, an' I'll warrant ye, my leddies an' lassies, that ye'll gang straight through the book and will na' stop to the end, sae bonny it is wi' pictures by that man, Wyeth, fu' o' muckle color views o' the sea an' the people wha live in the book. It's a brauve piece o' work those folk, Scribners, hae turned out, an' ye'll be o'er wise t' part wi' some o' ye siller for it!

DAVID BALFOUR, in perhaps the most attractive edition that ever housed a Robert Louis Stevenson story appears this season exquisitely illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. Sea-greens and grays embellish the end paper in front and back, and there are nine full-page color illustrations in the book proper, none more effective than *Tam on the craig face*, flocks of fleecy-winged sea-gulls beating about him as he hoists himself up the ragged cliff, skirts of emerald and deep-blue sea beating below him. The type that carries the story through the book is like the clear, pleasant voice of a skillful narrator.

The story is the sequel to "Kidnapped," and, as Stevenson writes in the preface to Charles Baxter, writer to The Signet, "there should be left in our native city some seed of the elect; some long-legged, hot-headed youth to repeat to-day our dreams and wanderings of so many years ago." Such a lad was David Balfour, who sets out in the opening chapter, "A Beggar on Horseback," to aid his friend the outlawed Alan Breck out of Scotland, where he was held on charges of the Appin murder in which young David was also innocently involved. That lass of spirit, Catriona, is encountered by David in the outset of the tale, and she figures largely in the ensuing pages, to the very last hair-breadth escape made by Alan and David and Catriona from the lass's villainous father, James More. The tale closes to the sound of Highland piping on the bags, by the mellowed James More, as he passes out of the life of the characters and closes the pages of the book. DAVID BALFOUR. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50 net.

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place—she did win it! I know well enough you never baked that cake you brought, mended those hose, or made that dress—simply because you didn't stay home long enough to do such things! You were constantly vanishing!"

"I—I—" she started to stammer; then suddenly whirled, and fled into the house.

Jimmy heard her door slam shut.

Four hours later, hurried words and sobs halted him as he passed Aunt Plumey's sitting room door. It was Vivian.

"I—I didn't really do any of those things, Aunt Plumey," he heard her wretchedly confess. "They were Ella's work! Oh, I'm a cheat! And I'm sorry!"

Jimmy grinned and softly climbed the stairs. "Hurrah!" he thought. "Right is might and the reward is going where it belongs, after all!"

A week later, Ella, radiant with happiness, set out with Aunt Plumey on their joyous journey. Vivian watched them off, waving a cheery goodbye from her front porch. Jimmy stood beside her.

When they were out of sight, she turned to him and said, deeply earnest:

"Now, I'm going to plunge in and learn housekeeping. I'm going to bake, and mend, and sew every day that Ella is gone—and when she returns, too! And next year, if another contest is held, perhaps I'll win—really win. I'm through with being a Vanishing Vivian!"

(Continued from page 82)

of the camp. Some young children were playing on a sunny slope beyond the group of wigwams. A dozen squaws were busy slitting fish to dry on frames others were making ready. The big girls were helping there. Not a man was in sight, and Joseph guessed they were off hunting meat to dry for the winter stores. The boys were away, too, probably under Squanto's bold leadership. It was easy enough to slip to one of the wigwams and leave the medicine bundle where he had found it. Only the papoose strapped to a board in the shelter of the tent watched him with smiling eyes, and Joseph stopped to chuck the greasy baby under the chin before he crept away.

Now he would hasten back and pick the bayberries for his mother with a glad heart. Miles and Truman and he would have a great old time in the hut after their work was done. Perhaps they would boil some clams fresh from the Duxbury mud when the tide got low. When he reached the Kingstown path he could see that the mud flats were beginning to lie bare of the ebbing water, and the smell of them was filling the sunshine with pungency.

The big basket was just where he had left it on the slope of the Captain's Hill. But Truman and Miles were not to be found. He searched the interior of the hut, and shrank in sudden alarm when his strong hand closed on the crackling snake

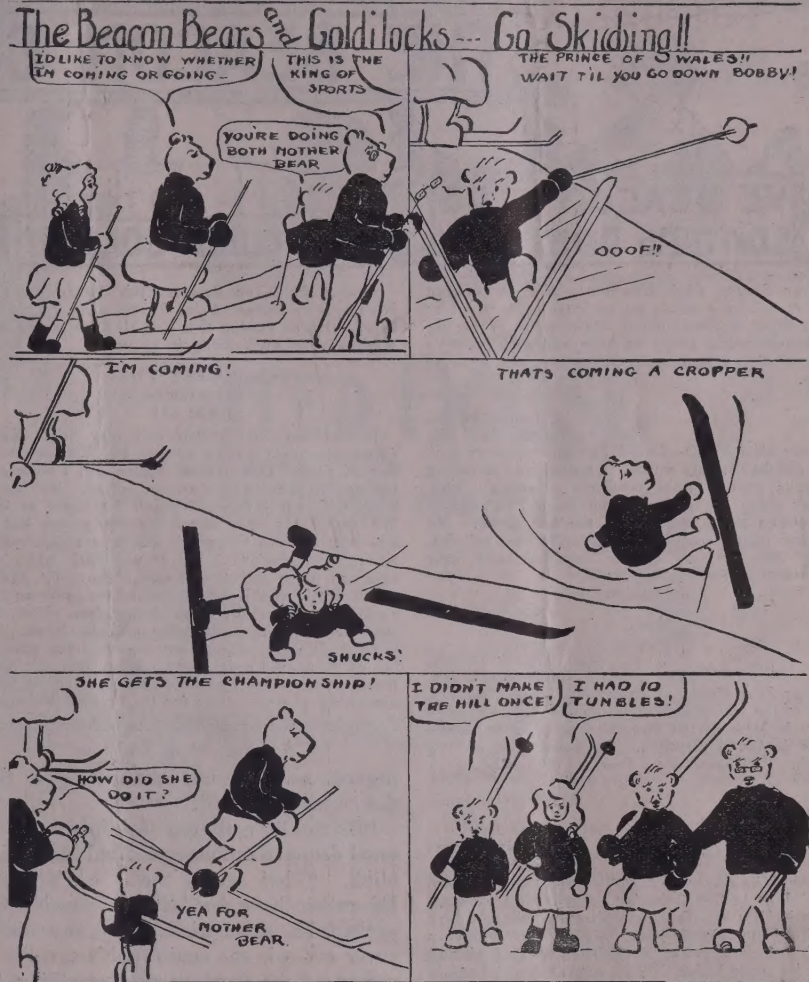
skin containing the arrow. Failure to find his comrades alarmed him still further for he knew they had both intended to gather bayberries for candle wax.

Joseph was decidedly troubled when he stepped out into the sunshine. So still it was that he could hear the waves lapping at some rocks at the bottom of the hill. And then he saw that a handful of leaves had been torn from the blood-red sumac bush. Miles and Truman were in trouble and had managed to leave that for a sign. Squanto had carried out his threat to capture Miles for torture. Joseph could not doubt that as he rushed down the hill the way they must have gone.

Trained as he was in the local woods and woodcraft, it was not impossible for Joseph Alden to follow the trail of the Indian lads and their captives. They would have detoured all chance of being sighted by the settlement whites. They had certainly not gone on to the water or across the marshes at either side of the Captain's Hill. He would find them in one of the dense thickets over Sandy Bottom Pond way.

Joseph struggled on as fast as he could; there were rushing streams to cross and underbrush to push through; a snake rattled at him and small game crossed his path; once a deer bounded away in fright. Joseph's heart was heavy that he had done this thing which Squanto had so angrily laid to Miles. Returning that medicine bundle had really done nothing to make that right. He had been mean enough to think he could sneak out of that without being discovered, and Miles was really trying to live straightly now. It was bitter to know that he had wrought such mischief against his comrade. Had he not learned over and over again that he must help others to do right regardless of what it cost to him? Had not his father often told him of that first dreadful winter in the Plymouth Colony when the men and women stood shoulder to shoulder against sickness and famine? He must stand shoulder to shoulder with Miles and Truman now. And in so doing he must show to Squanto the strength and courage and honesty of the Christ in whom he believed so fervently.

When he reached the vicinity of Sandy Bottom Pond, Joseph began to search carefully for some trace of the war party. Yes, here was a tiny piece of blood-red sumac leaf! Within a few minutes of finding that, the disturbed cawing of a crow revealed the hiding place of Squanto, and Joseph crept upon them. Truman was lying gagged on the ground, but they had Miles tightly bound to a sapling with prisoner cords of elm fibres. The toughened bottoms of his bare feet had not been sufficiently sensitive to the feeling of hot coals to suit the Indians' cruelty and they were stripping the homespun shirt from his torso for some further torture. Joseph sprang among them with a cry.



"What art thou about, Squanto?" he demanded.

The Indian shrugged his bare red shoulders.

"He did touch my medicine sack!"

Joseph's last hope of passing his fault undiscovered, was gone.

"Miles did not that," he said, slowly.

"Thou wilt find thy medicine sack replaced in the wigwam, and I tell thee that I am sorry for my light sinfulness. In justice thou shalt let Miles go, and punish me!"

Squanto's mouth sagged.

"Thou!" he gasped.

Joseph held out his wrists.

"Bind me for punishment!" he said.

Squanto ripped his knife through the elm fibre prisoner thongs that bound Miles. He cut the gag from his sore mouth. And then he turned to Joseph.

"Thou hast the courage of the Christ in whom thou believest," he said simply. "Thou didst not leave the blame for thy fault upon another. Joseph, thy brave and honest courage hath touched me as nothing else, and I bid thee go in peace to the settlement of Duxbury; thee and Truman and Miles."

The sun was nearly down behind the Plymouth Hills across the Bay that was again covered with the dancing white-caps

of the flooding tide, when Joseph finished filling the big basket with bayberries to be steeped for Mistress Alden's fragrant candle-making. It had taken a long, long time to get enough of the tiny gray-green berries to make it full, and he was very, very tired as he swung the basket to his shoulder and started over the narrow road toward home. But his heart was happy as he went along by the marsh land and through the shadowy woods with its sight of the home farm fields, glad himself because he had helped others to be glad this day.

Bobby Bear's Rhyme Corner To the Nonpareil

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR

Oh, Nonpareil, you're gaily dressed
In rainbow-colored coat and vest
Which none can equal, try their best.

There's azure blue, and carmine bright,
There's green with golden sheen bedight,
And royal purple, deep as night.

"Without a peer,"—such is your name,
Because your colors flaunt and flame
Until your kinsmen hide for shame.

I've guessed your secret. Tell me, pray,
In hatching, don't you break your way
From out an Easter egg so gay?



Dear Beacon Club Members:—We are printing in this column a whole set of letters sent to us by prospective members from Shelbyville. They are a jolly-sounding group of boys and girls and Ye Beacon Club Editor recommends that you write to them.

WATER ST.,
SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. I should like to belong to your club. Please send me a button. Altogether there are thirty in my Sunday school. I am eleven years old and in the 6 B grade. My Sunday school teacher is Miss Winifred Douthit, and I like her very much. Awaiting your reply in earnest, I am

Yours truly,
DORIS BRYSON.

2940 NORTH MORGAN,
SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am a boy eleven years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Miss Bertha Pauschert and our minister's name is Dr. Vallentyne. He comes but once a month. Please send me a Beacon Club button.

Yours truly,
LEROY GRIFFITH.

SOUTH 2ND ST.,
SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to the Unitarian church. My teacher's name is Miss Winifred Douthit and I like her very much. I am thirteen years old and would like very much to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear its pretty badge. Please send me one. I would like to hear from other girls of my age.

Yours truly,
MAUDIE HUDSON.

SOUTH 2ND ST.,
SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I like to read *The Beacon* very much and would like to become a member of The Beacon Club. Please send me a button. I am eleven and would like very much to hear from some boys. I like to go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our teacher's name is Miss Bertha Pauschert and I like her very much.

Yours sincerely,
VIRGIL HILL.

SOUTH 2ND ST.,
SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I like to go to the Unitarian Sunday school. I like to hear *The Beacon* paper read. As I can't read my sister reads to me. I am five years old. I can't read or write, so my sister is writing this letter for me because I said I wanted to become a member too. I have a small sister one and a half years old to play with. Her name is Mildred. I like my teacher very much. Please send me a button.

Yours truly,
VIOLET HILL.

SOUTH 2ND ST.,
SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I go to the Unitarian church. My teacher's name is Miss Winifred Douthit. I like her very much. I am fourteen years of age and would like very much to become a member of The Beacon Club and wear its badge. Please send me one soon. I have a sister and a brother and they both wish to become members also. Our Sunday school is not very large. There are only six girls in my class counting myself. I would like to hear from other girls about my age.

Sincerely yours,
ELSIE HILL.

Dear Cubs:—The Beacon Club Award for this issue goes to Richard Price for his story "A Forest Fire." Here's hoping that you all keep trying and sending your work along in to us!

A FOREST FIRE
BY RICHARD PRICE
(Age 11)

It was early in October and very dry. Many forest fires were raging around but I hadn't seen any of them. One day my father and I were out riding. In the distance we saw smoke. My father thought it was a forest fire and I thought so too. We passed the spot where the smoke was but it was way off into the woods and so we didn't pay any more attention to it. It was dark when we returned home and I said that if it really was a forest fire it would show up or rather show up red against the sky. We reached the place where we saw the smoke that afternoon and the forest was aflame. We didn't stop, but we could see quite a bit of it as we rode along. That was the first forest fire I had ever seen and it furnished me with something to think about for the rest of the week!

(Continued from page 83)

peared, until at last the petals of the flower began to fall.

"Humph!" muttered the spider, as a petal dropped on his eyelid and made him blink. "That settles that. She's dead. I'd rather have finished her myself, but perhaps it saves time. Anyway she'll never out-spin me again, that's sure!"

And off he went to get something to eat.

But now comes the strange part. The fairy wasn't dead at all. She had just been living in a little round ball behind the petals where no one could see her. And when the last petal had fallen, open popped the ball and out came the softest whitest woolly flower! Inside the ball the fairy had been spinning and spinning all the time, and she had spun so fast and so hard that she had spun herself right over into a fluffy blossom, the lovely Cotton Flower.

Goldilocks' Diary

JANUARY 4, 1925.
THE BEARS' DEN.

Helloa, Diary!

There was a circus in town today, over in the barn behind Boy Blue's Haystack! You had to pay two pins admission and the Big Show started at 2:30. The lady horseback rider from Banbury Cross rode on a white horse with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, and there was a trained cow who jumped over a toy moon! The Pieman was there selling tarts, and all us kids had the most fun! Tom, the Piper's Son, swiped one of the pigs from the menagerie and away he ran, with all of us chasing after him, and we bumped

Some Brain Food

ENIGMA

I am a saying of Jesus containing 23 letters.
My 19, 8, 3, 31, 1, is tired.
My 15, 10, 11, 7, 16, 5, 4, is a belligerent person.
My 12, 20, 9, 23, is to keep.
My 6, 17, 2, 14, 21, 1, is an idea.
My 22, 18, 13, is to permit.

E. A. CALL.

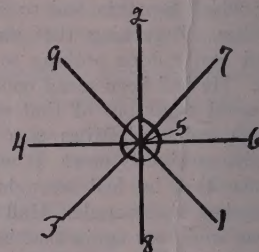
THREE WISE-CRACKERS

1. When is a hat not a hat?
2. When is a donkey spelled with one letter?
3. What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 13

LETTER PUZZLE—44, 18, 5, 28, 33, 45, 32, 38, 27, 18—Shenandoah.
11, 12, 24, 34, 23, 46, 26, 20, 14, 35, 41—Thermometer.
29, 30, 25, 10, 48—Whale.
48, 23, 19, 31, 15, 1, 48, 2—Embodied.
3, 9, 8, 21, 13, 4, 17, 42—A la carte.
2, 43, 6, 31—Dido.
39, 40, 47, 36, 7, 16, 28—Monsoon.

THE WHEEL PUZZLE—



ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

X	1	2	h	a	3	t	i	4	n	5	g	X
6	e	l	i	X	r	X	7	o	a	8	r	
9	l	i	t	X	e	X	10	t	i	e		
11	e	m	X	12	t	e	e	X	14	t	o	
C	X	k	i	X	16	a	t	X	p			
17	18	X	19	20	a	t	X	21	b	e		
22	23	i	24	25	X	26	d	e	n			
27	28	r	29	30	X	31	e	X	32	y	e	
X	33	t	e	a	c	h	e	r	X			

straight into King Cole, who is a merry old soul, and he said, "Never mind, youngsters, forget the pig and come up to my palace and I'll call for my Fiddlers Three and we'll have a party!"

So we did—and now Mother Bear says it's time for bed.

Yours, 100% sleepy,
GOLDILOCKS.